Outis E.G.O:: Dimension Shredder

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Outis E.G.O:: Dimension Shredder

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

You see a poor passenger, stranded between dimensions.
Most will never realize that this person ever disappeared.

Well, the transport company would know,
but they'll simply pretend that the passenger never existed.

Lost and abandoned, tossed out like trash,
having no place left in the City.

Notes

Ough tragic doomed immortal yuri bloody time sex

Or some shit idk just read it vro

Disc server for polls https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: The first one I think (maybe) idk

The mission was supposed to be simple. In. Observe. Intervene. Out. The company assured you that, in your perceived time, it would take no more than a few days. You and the other agents would work in shifts—some maintaining a vigilant watch over the passengers, others resting in cryopods to stave off exhaustion. A well-oiled system, refined over countless operations.

One moment, you were stepping onto the train, flanked by your team, your captain leading the way with unshakable confidence. The next, you were supposed to arrive at your destination—job complete, another success for W Corp. That was the theory, the lie they told you before the doors sealed shut and the singularity tore reality apart, sending you through.

Instead, you have been here for years.

Or maybe longer. You don’t know anymore. The very concept of time has eroded, slipping away somewhere between the first dozen encounters with passengers and the thousandth. At first, there was structure. Battles fought with coordination. Your team moved as one, the captain’s voice a firm and steady guide, cutting through the madness. "Clear each car. Stay together. Do not split." You clung to those words, to the rhythm of the mission, to the illusion of control.

Then, the train changed.

The corridors stretched, bent in ways they shouldn’t. The walls breathed, pulsed with something not metal. The passengers screamed—but not in fear. Their voices bled together, warping into something else entirely. And somewhere in that ever-shifting nightmare, you got separated.

Now, it is only you.

You press your back against the cold steel wall, forcing yourself to breathe—slow, shallow, controlled. The air is thick, humid with rot, soaked in the stench of blood. It clings to your skin, to your uniform, filling every breath with the memory of death. The emergency lighting overhead flickers, painting the corridor in sickly shades of red and shadow.

Beyond the doorway, it moves.

A silhouette—grotesque, uneven. What was once a man—a businessman, a father, someone who had boarded this train with a destination in mind—has become something else. Its body stretches unnaturally, skin pulled taut over twisted limbs, its fingers fused into jagged blades of bone. The mouth hangs open in a permanent, gaping scream, mumbling to itself. Just the quiet rasp of shifting flesh and the wet scrape of malformed limbs dragging against the floor.

You tighten your grip on your weapon. Steady. You've done this before. You'll do this again. You will survive.

Moving soundlessly, you step forward. The train groans around you—metal bending, sighing, like something alive. The thing tilts its head, sensing movement. It doesn't breathe. They never do. But it knows you are there and so it lurches.

Bone scrapes against the steel floor as it drags itself forward, mouth widening—not in hunger, not in rage, but in something eerily close to recognition.

You don't give it time to react. You can't afford to.

Your weapon hums to life in your grip, the familiar crackle of energy searing the stale air. You swing in one fluid motion, the blade carving through the creature's torso with terrifying ease. A clean cut. A perfect execution. For a fleeting moment, most would believe it's over. But you already know it isn't, nothing here ever dies. Not for long.

The upper half slams onto the floor with a wet thud, arms spasming, fingers curling in unnatural jerks. The lower body—somehow still aware, still moving—stumbles forward, its legs dragging toward you as if nothing had happened. The sound it makes isn't a scream, but a series of wet, clicking gasps—like a machine failing to function, something desperately trying to keep working despite being irreparably broken.

You take a step back, bracing yourself, because you know what comes next.

The torso writhes. The wound—where you severed it cleanly, where it should be nothing but still, lifeless flesh—begins to pulse. Something shifts inside. Flesh peels open, stretching outward. New limbs. More arms, forming from raw muscle and exposed bone. A head that should no longer be capable of thought snaps up, its jaw unhinging, splitting unnaturally wide—too wide—revealing rows upon rows of uneven, jagged teeth. Its face is barely a face anymore.

And then, it screams.

The sound burrows into your skull, sending a sickening wave of pressure through your body. It shouldn't be able to scream. It doesn't have lungs. No throat. But it does.

You hate when they scream.

Your blade finds its mark before it can fully rise. The energy edge pierces through its skull, sending a shudder through its grotesque form. Its sunken, half-formed eyes dim, the malformed limbs twitch once—twice—before slumping lifelessly to the ground.

But there is no relief. No time to breathe. There are always more and with time this one will rise again.

You move forward, deeper into the train.

The walls are changing.

You know the signs. You've been here long enough to know. The metal warps, bends wrong, as if something beneath it is pushing through. The smooth steel gives way to something organic, something alive—flesh, blooming in patches where riveted plating should be. It's spreading.

The further you go, the more the train stops being a train. The air feels thicker here, like it's pressing down on you, forcing itself into your lungs. Your body moves on autopilot, steps sluggish but relentless. You don't know how many cars you've fought through.

The mission—the plan—it's meaningless now.

Your team… they're either gone, changed, or locked away in their cryopods. If they even made it that far. You used to wonder if they were still fighting somewhere deeper in the train, just out of reach. But hope is a luxury that doesn't exist here.

Still, you keep moving, because you have to find it, and eventually you do.

The door to the W Corp employee car, right before your very eyes.

Your hand hovers over the handle, fingers shaking from exhaustion. This was the goal. The reason you kept going. You hesitate—not out of fear, but something worse. A feeling you can't name, gnawing at

the edge of your mind.

You take a deep breath, to quell that moment of uncertainty. For past this door will be smiling faces, and welcoming hands. Hesitantly you take the keycard from your pocket and you slide it through the scanner.

Then, you push forward.

The first thing that hits you is the silence, and the second is the blood.

It coats the walls—thick, dark, too much. The floor is slick with it, pooling in uneven patterns, trailing off in directions that shouldn't make sense. Bodies—or what's left of them—lie in heaps, scattered across the room in grotesque arrangements. Not a battle. Not a struggle. Just… pieces.

That should have been impossible, there was no damage to the door or to the outside of the car. There was no way that anything could have gotten in unless—

And then, you see her.

The captain.

She stands at the far end of the car, her back to you. For a fleeting second—just a second—you almost feel relief. Her uniform is pristine. Too pristine. No blood. No sign of struggle. It doesn't match the carnage around her.

Then, your stomach plummets. She is still human. Mostly.

But the signs are there. You know them.

The grotesque gaping maw running down her back—lined with jagged, uneven teeth, shifting tendrils curling out from the torn flesh. The exposed muscle fibers where there should be skin, pulsating, shifting like they haven't quite settled into their new form.

And then she turns.

Her eye—the one that remains—fixes on you.

It's Dull. Tired.

Her lips part. A smile—or something close to it. Her voice is soft. Almost gentle.

"How long has it been?"

You don't answer her, nor do you move. That is her isn't it?

This isn't an illusion that you've dreamed up in your head, right? Surely you hadn't gone and laid down in some random corner somewhere, having gone insane from your own thoughts.

But no, she stands there—calm, waiting, relaxed.

Your eyes flick to her hands, where the captain's custom made weapon should be.

Her gauntlets are gone. No. Not gone.

Her arms have been consumed.

The flesh melds seamlessly into something wrong. Energy hums from her wrists—similar to the sound the weapons provided to all W corp employees sounds. An extension of herself.

She’s been like this for a while, her very being fusing into the user who wielded them with such precision.

Your grip tightens around your weapon, fingers locking against the hilt in pure instinct. There are a thousand things you should say—a thousand questions.

But you already know the answers.

Your gaze shifts, trailing past her to the remains of your team. What’s left of them.

They weren’t killed cleanly. You’ve seen enough death aboard this train to know when something was slaughtered in desperation. This wasn’t that.

These weren’t just victims.

They were studied.

Dissected.

Torn apart piece by piece.

Not all of them were simply ripped apart. Some are arranged. Positioned deliberately. Like the one who did it had been considering.

Testing. Learning.

The captain exhales, a slow, steady breath. She doesn't blink. Doesn't move.

Her expression is unreadable.

The blood on the walls isn't just splattered—it's painted. Long streaks run like calligraphy, meticulous, deliberate, as if each line was drawn with purpose. The symbols, though unreadable, press into your mind, twisting into patterns that almost make sense before slipping away like mist.

This wasn't a massacre. This was a process.

The captain watches you, her single dull eye holding no malice, no joy. Then, slowly, she tilts her head. The motion is unnatural, her neck bending at an angle just a degree off from human.

"You lived," she murmurs.

There's no relief in her tone. No surprise. Just acknowledgment, like an observation made in passing. A statement of fact.

You swallow. The act feels foreign. Your throat is dry, cracked from years of screaming, of silence, of surviving. The words scrape out hoarse when you finally force them past your lips.

"What happened?"

A pause. A slow, steady breath that doesn't quite sound right. Then, she lifts a hand—or what remains of it. Her fingers twitch, as if testing their own movement, like they don't quite belong to her anymore. The muscles along her exposed arms shift in ways they shouldn't, pulsing beneath raw, exposed fiber. The wound along her back ripples, tendrils stirring within the jagged, unhealed maw of her flesh.

"I waited."

The words settle in your bones like lead.

"I waited," she repeats, softer this time. As if the first answer wasn't enough. As if she wants you to understand.

"For a long time."

Your pulse hammers against your ribs. The weight of her words

presses against you, suffocating, heavy with something you don't have a name for. She doesn't sound like them—the passengers, the monsters.

She doesn't snarl or shriek. She doesn't lunge for you in mindless hunger.

She sounds tired.

Your mouth is dry. The words barely make it past your lips. "The others?"

She exhales, slow, drawn-out, as if considering the question. As if remembering. Then, with deliberate slowness, she gestures to the carnage around her.

"I kept them," she says. "For as long as I could."

A shiver runs down your spine.

She says it like she was doing them a favor.

You scan the room again, forcing yourself to look beyond the ruined mess of bodies, the grotesque display of what was once your team. Some are nothing more than smears on the floor, others are positioned in ways that feel too deliberate. Arms arranged neatly beside torsos, heads lined up along the wall.

This wasn't a fight. This wasn't a loss of control.

This was something else.

It was never a matter of if she would turn. Only when.

And now, there's no one left. Just you. And her.

She watches you, her gaze unwavering, her expression unreadable. Then, the corner of her mouth twitches—not quite a smile, not quite anything at all.

"I wonder…" she muses, voice barely above a whisper. "How long do you think you have left?"

A sharp crack splinters through the air.

Your muscles lock.

The energy blade ignites, but not from the gauntlets she used to wear. Not from anything external.

The glow pulses from her wrists—from the open, jagged wounds where flesh meets something else. The weapon is part of her now, fused like an extension of her twisted, shifting form. The energy hums wrong.

As if the very power of the singularity has seeped into her body.

Your breath is too loud in your ears. Your heartbeat pounds against your skull.

For the first time in years, you feel something close to fear.

The captain doesn't move. She doesn't have to.

The hum of her blade vibrates through the air, a sound that isn't just heard but felt. The purple energy crackles, unstable, warping the space around it in flickering distortions. The air bends, twists, as if reality itself is struggling to keep her contained.

The emergency lighting flickers overhead, casting long, shifting shadows against the blood-slicked walls.

She's still her. You want to believe that.

But the way she stands—too still, too patient, too certain—tells you otherwise.

The captain was always composed, a pillar of control even when things went wrong. She wasn't just skilled. She was unshakable. The kind of person who could stare down a fully transformed passenger without flinching, issuing orders with that quiet, measured tone.

The kind of person you wanted to follow.

But now, that same stillness—her silence, the deliberation in her every movement—feels alien. The exposed muscle along her arms tightens as she tilts her head, her eye never leaving yours. You can't help but glance at the gaping maw lining her back. The tendrils shift slightly, curling and uncurling as if tasting the air. Their slow, deliberate movements remind you of something alive, something aware.

She killed them. Your stomach churns. You don't want to look at the bodies again. You don't want to see the pieces of your team, reduced

to something less than human. But your eyes betray you, darting across the room, taking in every sickening detail. The metallic scent of blood, sharp and cloying, coats your tongue. The dim emergency lights cast long shadows over the carnage, making the wreckage of limbs and shattered armor seem to shift when you aren't looking directly at them.

One of the bodies—what's left of it—is propped against the far wall. Arms splayed unnaturally, the ribcage cracked open like a puzzle half-assembled. The remains of their gear are scattered at their feet, broken beyond use. Another figure is sprawled across a row of seats, their torso caved inward, as if something had pressed down until the bones gave way.

You know these people.

You trained with them. Ate with them. Laughed with them in moments stolen between missions. They had names, faces, memories —but now, they're just arrangements.

You swallow hard, the taste of bile rising in your throat. The train groans around you, a distant, mournful wail as metal warps under forces you barely understand. The weight of something unseen presses down, thickening the air, making every breath feel like you're inhaling tar.

How long was she alone here?

You know what happens when passengers transform. You know what happens when W Corp employees lose themselves to the train's influence. The years stretch impossibly long in this place—endless, unbroken. You had to survive alone, fighting through a hellscape of grotesque abominations, and it nearly broke you more times than you can count.

But she was here, sitting in the employee car surrounded by the people she swore to protect.

And you were not here.

A cold realization settles into your bones.

She waited here for you, your cold and distant captain who wouldn't even acknowledge her trust in her own team. Had not stepped a single foor into any of the cryo chambers while one of her own was missing.

Your pulse hammers as she finally moves, just a fraction—shifting her weight, the edge of her blade lowering slightly. Not an attack. Not yet. The hum of energy along the blade crackles in the silence, a low, hungry sound that makes the hair on your arms stand on end.

“Have you been keeping up on your training?”

Her words linger, curling around your thoughts like a slow, tightening noose. Her voice is the same, but something about it feels… stretched. Frayed at the edges.

You’ve felt it, creeping at the edges of your mind. The exhaustion, the way your hands shake even when you’re not holding your weapon. The way you sometimes hear whispers in the static of the train, voices that shouldn’t be there.

The things you’ve seen—how much of it was real? How much of you is still real?

You exhale sharply, gripping your weapon tighter, grounding yourself in the moment. The captain is watching you. Waiting. Her eye flickers downward—to your stance, your grip, the slight tremor in your fingers.

She sees it. She knows.

The hum of her energy blade grows sharper, and then—

A crack in the air.

The space beside her distorts, splitting open like a wound. A jagged tear in reality itself.

A Dimensional rift.

She steps into it and your heart stops.

Then the world snaps, and she is gone.

Silence.

Nothing but the flickering of the lights, the distant groan of the train’s metal shifting, breathing. The air is thick with rust and the faint, acrid scent of burning circuitry. Every sound is amplified in the stillness, each creak and hum a warning, a reminder that you are not alone.

And then—

Behind you.

A whisper of movement. A flicker in your periphery. Cold rushes down your spine, a primal alarm screaming through your veins before your mind even catches up.

You turn.

Too slow.

The world tears open again, space unraveling in an instant. The edges of the rift crackle, distorting the air as she steps through like a specter pulled from the void. The energy blade is already descending, its edge singing with lethal intent.

MOVE.

Your body reacts before your mind does. You throw yourself backward, heels scraping against metal as the blade carves through the air where your throat had been. Sparks explode from the floor, the impact carving a molten scar into the steel.

She doesn't even pause, that tactical ruthlessness she was known for.

Another step—another rift splintering open beside her. She vanishes before your breath fully escapes, reappearing at your flank, the motion seamless, unnatural. You barely manage to get your weapon up, bracing for impact. When her blade meets yours, the force nearly tears your grip apart, the vibration rattling through your bones.

You stumble backwards a couple feet, and she doesn't even blink. But neither does she push the offensive at the opportunity.

She is testing you.

Your breath comes fast, heart pounding as she pulls back, pacing now, calculating. There is no rush in her movements, no wasted energy. She is not a frenzied beast.

Not mindless like the rest of the passengers.

She is still her.

Your fingers tighten around your weapon, pulse hammering. She watches. She waits. The realization sinks into your gut, heavier than the gravity pressing down on this forsaken train.

She is waiting for you to understand.

Another rift splits open, space bending at her will. She vanishes into it, the fabric of reality stitching itself shut behind her like a wound never meant to heal. Your muscles lock, every nerve screaming—

Where?

She could be anywhere. The space around you shivers, warping, as if the train itself is holding its breath. You pivot, blade raised, scanning —

There.

A flicker at the edge of your vision. A ripple in the air, barely more than a shadow.

You twist, swinging up just in time. Your weapons collide, sending white-hot sparks scattering into the dim corridor. The impact nearly knocks you off balance, feet slipping against metal worn smooth from age and blood.

This time though she doesn't hesitate.

Her free hand lashes out—fingers too long, movements too fluid, muscle shifting like something inhuman beneath her skin. You barely duck in time. Her hand cuts through empty air where your throat had been moments before. But she overextended, pushing—

There's no time to counter.

Another rift. Another tear in reality. She's gone before you can register where she had been.

Above.

Your instincts scream. You throw yourself back as she descends, energy blade cutting through the floor with a shriek, carving deep into steel. The heat of the strike scorches the air, filling your lungs with the scent of molten metal.

You're panting now.

She moves with purpose, with control. Every step, every flicker of movement is calculated. There is no wasted effort. No reckless rage. She is studying you, probing your defenses, waiting for the moment they falter.

Just like she used to.

Just like when she trained you.

Your stomach knots, a sick twist of memory clawing its way through your chest. She was always faster, always stronger. You remember the way she dismantled sparring partners, how she moved like water, how she never hesitated. The strongest of you. And now, she is something more.

Her gaze pins you, sharp as her blade. She sees the tremor in your arms, the shift in your stance, the way exhaustion is creeping into your muscles. She sees everything.

And she knows you can’t keep up.

She steps forward, the rift at her side pulses, waiting.

You can’t win like this, not in a direct fight. She knows it and you know it.

But there’s something she doesn’t know.

You hadn't just survived this train.

You have spent an eternity in the bowels of this forsaken place, long enough for the silence to carve itself into your bones. The train has taken everything—your team, your past, your humanity. Now, it is all you know. And tonight, it demands more.

She may be stronger. Faster. Unpredictable.

But you know this place.

You know its horrors.

You became one of them.

Your grip tightens on your weapon, knuckles going white. The blade hums to life, casting sharp shadows against the warped walls. Across from you, she stands still. Then—acknowledgment flickers in her eye, brief as the passing of a breath. For the first time, she smiles.

Not mockery. Not malice.

Just quiet, bittersweet understanding.

And then she lunges.

And so do you.

Your feet slam against the blood-slicked floor, momentum carrying you forward in a desperate sprint. Behind you, metal screeches—a burst of sparks as her energy blade carves through where you stood moments before. The air itself seems to rupture in her wake, space folding as she shifts through rifts, warping closer with every breath.

No hesitation. No looking back.

You've seen what happens to those who try to match her in raw combat. You can imagine the way your team fell, one by one, their deaths abrupt and absolute. They never stood a chance.

But you—

You survived this hell alone. Its shifting corridors. Its labyrinthine halls. Its places where the walls breathe, and the metal rots.

She follows. You don't need to turn to know that. Her movement is nearly silent, the only sound the faint hum of her blade and the brief crack of space rupturing as she flickers in and out of existence. A hunter playing with her prey.

You don't know whether that's mercy—or something worse.

Ahead, the passage narrows. A collapsed bulkhead, twisted metal forming a jagged crawlspace barely wide enough to slip through. You don't hesitate. You dive, sharp edges biting into your arms as you roll onto the other side.

The moment you land, you whip around and swing—

Just in time.

A rift splits open beside you, air distorting as she steps through, blade already mid-swing. Your weapons collide, another flash of light. The force sends you both skidding back, your spine slamming against the quivering wall. She lands with effortless grace, gaze flickering to the bulkhead behind you.

The corner of her mouth twitches, but you don't give her time to comment.

You kick off the wall and sprint deeper into the train.

The further you go, the worse it becomes. The walls are wrong—no longer metal, but something softer, something alive. The floor pulses beneath your feet, a sluggish, wet rhythm that matches the pounding of your heart. The overhead lights flicker, erratic and untrustworthy, casting shifting shadows that stretch and twist like grasping hands.

The air is thick with the stench of rust, blood, and something sweeter, something rotten. It clings to your skin, settles in your lungs, threatens to drown you with every breath.

But you don’t stop.

The sound of tearing space follows—quick, precise distortions as she flanks you through rifts, cutting off your escape. You twist at the last moment, veering toward an open maintenance hatch and throwing yourself through.

You drop down fast and you hit the lower decks harder, the impact slamming the breath from your lungs. The walls groan around you, the train itself shuddering as something deep within shifts, adjusting to your presence.

And down here it's nothing but silence.

You freeze, fingers tightening around your weapon. The only sound is your own breath, ragged and uneven.

No footsteps.

No dimensional rifts.

She’s waiting.

Your eyes dart through the gloom, searching. The lower decks are unstable. You learned that the hard way. This deep into the train, reality is fluid—walls move when you aren’t looking, doors vanish, pathways loop in on themselves. Nothing is certain.

And somewhere, unseen—

She is watching.

Waiting.

The captain has always been patient.

You force yourself to slow your breathing. Think. You need an

advantage. An opening that you can exploit.

The pipes.

Thick, rusted tubes run along the ceiling, their corroded metal lined with jagged seams. Some are split open, hemorrhaging black sludge that drips in sluggish rivulets to the floor below. Where it lands, the metal sizzles, hissing like a living thing. The train's internal systems—the veins and arteries that keep it alive.

You don't know exactly what the liquid is.

But you know what it does.

You've seen it melt through bone. Flesh. The echoes of past screams still linger in your mind, burned there as cruel reminders.

And so a plan takes shape.

Slowly, carefully, you press your back against the wall, muscles tense, coiled like a wire pulled too tight. You grip your weapon tighter.

And then—

A whisper of movement.

A flicker of space distorting at the far end of the hall.

Not an attack. Not yet. She wants to see what you'll do.

You exhale sharply, pushing past the pain in your limbs, the burn in your lungs. Then, without warning, you charge forward.

The rift snaps open, swallowing the air in a pulse of warping light. The captain steps out, poised, blade raised.

She expects a clash, for you to charge in recklessly towards her as you had done countless times before. But at the last moment you twist. Your feet pivot against the slick floor, the motion fluid. Your weapon swings upward, not at her, but at the pipes overhead.

With a sharp, mechanical hiss the pipe bursts.

A flood of searing black liquid rains down, splattering across the floor in thick, smoking pools. Some of it spatters against your arm. Pain rips through you like wildfire, but you grit your teeth, shoving the pain away.

The captain reacts instantly, stepping back, but you knw from experience that its too late.

A single drop lands on her exposed muscle. It sizzles, burning through flesh like paper. She jerks—just slightly—but that moment of hesitation is all you need.

You lunge forward, your blade carves through her shoulder, biting deep. She hisses, eyes flashing, and then she's gone

She vanishes into a rift, space swallowing her whole as you stagger back, breath ragged, vision blurring at the edges. The acrid stench of scorched flesh clogs your lungs. Pain gnaws at your arm, sharp and insistent, but you force yourself to stay upright.

A sound comes out of the dark, not the hum of a rift.

A laugh. Soft and almost breathless.

From the shadows, her voice drifts forward, curling around you like smoke.

“You’re learning.”

A split second later the floor disappears beneath you.

A rift—directly below.

The realization comes too late. Gravity seizes you, dragging you down. The lower deck blurs past in a smear of steel and light. Your stomach flips, limbs scrambling for purchase—there’s nothing to hold onto, no ledge, no handhold, just the endless, open void.

And then theres impact.

You hit the main train car hard, the metal floor slamming into your side like a battering ram. Pain detonates through your ribs, white-hot, vicious. The impact drives the breath from your lungs in a ragged gasp, leaving you sprawled, dazed, the world tilting around you.

But there’s no time to recover, but the air ripples.

Space tears apart at the seams.

Rifts—everywhere.

One splits open in the ceiling, another in the far wall. Then another,

and another, until the train car is a labyrinth of shimmering wounds in reality. Jagged distortions fracture the space around you, warping every surface, every shadow.

Your mind races.

She's not just using them to move.

She's changing the battlefield.

Before, she was testing you. Watching, analyzing. Every attack, every dodge, every desperate counterstrike—she was learning the same as you.

But now—

Now, she is hunting.

The captain has had years to master her abilities.

And she was showing you exactly what that means.

A ripple in the air—a shift so subtle it could almost be ignored. Almost.

You throw yourself forward just as a blade tears through a rift behind you. The strike grazes your back, cutting through fabric, slicing deep into skin. Pain flares, sharp and immediate, but your body doesn't have time to acknowledge it before—

Another rift.

To your left—then your right—then—

She steps through.

There is no warning, no wasted movement. Just the inevitability of her presence. The captain's blade crashes against yours, the impact jarring through your bones, sending sparks flying in the dim, flickering light of the train. Heat sears your fingers as metal grinds against energy, pressure threatening to rip your grip loose.

She doesn't stop.

Another rift blooms behind her, space bending to her will as she steps backward into nothingness. The moment she vanishes, your mind races to track her next move, but it's too late—she reappears above

you, descending like a specter, blade arcing downward.

You dodge.

Too slow.

The edge of her weapon carves through your shoulder, white-hot pain lancing through your arm. You stagger, breath catching, the scent of blood thick in the air. It should be overwhelming. It should drag you down.

A rift erupts at your feet. Another opens beside you, space twisting and folding into an inescapable labyrinth. Your footing wavers. Every escape route distorts before your eyes, bending away just as you think to take them.

There's nowhere left to run.

Her voice drifts through the chaos, quiet—almost gentle.

"Do not avert your eyes even for a moment..."

A flicker—

She steps through.

Your body is failing. Every wound burns—dimensional lacerations that refuse to clot, torn across your skin like fractures in reality itself. Each movement is slower than the last. Each breath is shallower. The train car is no longer solid ground but an ever-shifting battlefield of impossible angles and distorted perception.

The captain moves too fast. Too erratically. Every time you brace for an attack, she's already gone, already somewhere else. You are fighting not just her but the void itself, an opponent that obeys no logic, no rules.

And she knows it.

Another attack—this time from behind. You twist just in time, blade raised. Your vision locks onto her form.

And for the first time, you see it clearly.

Her arms—

They're gone.

Where her limbs should be, space twists unnaturally, shimmering with the edges of countless rifts stacked upon one another. Dimensional wounds made flesh. Her weapon is not held, not wielded in any conventional sense—it exists, suspended in the shifting tide of her form, manifesting and vanishing at will.

And in that moment of realization—a sudden collapse of space.

The world folds inward—and before you can react, before you can even breathe, her blade pierces straight through your torso from behind

You don't process it at first. Then, agony.

A searing, raw sensation tearing through you, more than just pain, more than just a wound. Your body rejects it, every nerve firing at once, every cell screaming in protest. It's not just a cut.

It's something worse.

The wound doesn't just bleed, it distorts.

Your vision fractures. For a moment, you see something else—the space between the train, the void it warps through. An endless corridor of screaming things, writhing shapes that should not be.

And then—

You're ripped back into reality.

You stagger, gasping, choking, as she pulls the blade free. The space where it passed through you shifts, like your body isn't sure whether it still exists in this dimension or another. Your knees buckle.

She doesn't finish you, she doesn't need to.

She only tilts her head, eye closed as if deep in thought. The softest whisper leaves her lips:

"You have seen it now, haven't you? It's not there… not behind any of these doors…"

Darkness creeps at the edge of your vision. Your body is breaking.

You feel it in the way your breath shudders, in the way your muscles refuse to respond as they should. The wound in your torso aches in a way you've never known—like something inside you has been left

halfway between this reality and another, caught in a liminal state where pain no longer makes sense.

But you're still alive and if you're alive you can still fight. Just like she taught you to do. To fight until that very last breath is stolen from your body.

Your fingers tighten around your weapon. Your arm trembles. You force your body to move, to raise your blade one last time.One last strike.

The captain watches you. She doesn't step back. Doesn't move to avoid it.

She knows that you would continue to fight, that you would try to prove to her that you were strong. That you wouldn't drag her or the team down.

Your blade swings wide—telegraphed, obvious. Too obvious. You realize it too late, but by then, she's already moving.

A sharp flicker of space. And just like that, the strike never lands.

Your weapon stops mid-swing—no, not stops—separates.

For a split second, you don't process what's happened. Your arm feels lighter. The weight of your weapon is gone.

Then, through the haze of pain, you see it.

Your hand still gripping your blade.

No longer attached to you.

It lands on the floor with a thud.

A clean cut—severed at the wrist. The edges of the wound shimmer unnaturally, as if the space around it refuses to settle. It should hurt. It does hurt—but the pain is wrong. It doesn't just burn. It feels like your severed limb is still somewhere else, trapped just outside your reach in a place you will never be able to retrieve it from.

Your mind reels. Your knees threaten to buckle.

The captain exhales softly, watching as the blood pools at your feet.

And with that, she sees.

Not just you—but everything you are.

Her single eye traces your form, unblinking, as if etching your very existence into memory. There's something unreadable in her gaze, something that lingers between expectation and inevitability.

"You'll join me, won't you?" she murmurs again, her voice softer this time, almost pleading. "In this eternal wandering."

Maybe this is what she told the others.

Maybe that was why their remains are scattered across the walls, their final decision torn apart in a way that suggests they didn't agree fast enough. The captain was always unyielding when it came to her rules—unwavering in her discipline, meticulous in her punishments. It was never just about order. It was about loyalty. About ensuring that no one was left behind, whether they wanted to stay or not.

And now, she has chosen you.

Your body screams at you to resist, to fight, to do something—but what's left to fight for? You have nowhere else to go. No one else left. The train has taken everything from you, stretching time until your memories blur at the edges, turning survival into nothing more than repetition. A slow death, dragged across eternity.

So you let go.

You accept.

Her face—warped, stitched with transformation—still manages something close to a smile. Not human. Not entirely. But there's something there. Something that almost resembles relief.

Then, without warning, she moves.

A sharp twist of her body—too fast, too precise—and your legs are swept out from under you. The world lurches violently as your back slams onto the blood-slicked floor, the impact sending a fresh wave of pain rippling through your battered frame.

Before you can react, she is on you.

Her weight presses down, firm and immovable, pinning you in place. The energy blades retract into the flesh of her arms, the dim purple glow flickering out as she settles above you. For the first time, you

realize she isn't just holding you down.

She’s studying you.

The exposed muscle along her arms tenses, shifting beneath raw, red tissue as she leans in. The maw along her back quivers, the jagged teeth inside flexing as if tasting the air between you. The silence stretches, thick and suffocating, the only sound the distant, rhythmic hum of the WARP train.

Her grip on your wrist tightens, raw muscle flexing unnaturally beneath her exposed skin. The weight of her body keeps you pinned, her presence overwhelming, suffocating.

Her single eye, dull and tired yet piercing, traces the shape of your face, lingering on the way your lips press into a thin, tense line. The edges of her mouth twitch—not quite a smile, not quite anything human.

Then, she opens her mouth.

A wave of nausea rolls through you as you glimpse the inside. It isn’t just a mouth—it is an abyss, a writhing, unnatural mass of flesh, shifting and stretching in ways that defy form and function. Tendrils unfurl from within, slick and pulsating, moving with a grotesque awareness of their own. The deeper you look, the more your mind struggles to comprehend the shapes inside—twisting structures that should not exist, flesh that does not belong, an abyss of hunger and something worse.

She leans down.

The tendrils stretch forward.

And then—she kisses you.

Your body seizes as the flesh invades your mouth, the tendrils forcing their way inside, writhing against your tongue, pushing deeper. The taste is overwhelming—copper and rot, the sickly-sweet tang of something that should have never been alive. They coil inside, expanding, filling you. Your throat convulses as they push further, as if seeking to root themselves into something deeper.

Your vision blurs at the edges. Your limbs tremble, but you do not try to relinquish yourself from her grip. You don't try to pull away, you do not make a means to escape. For you are tired of trying to find

your way through these ever changing halls. And so the tendrils pull you in, threading through your mouth, pressing against the roof, curling beneath your tongue, tracing the back of your throat.

And you gladly accept them.

End Notes

Am I a genius or what

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